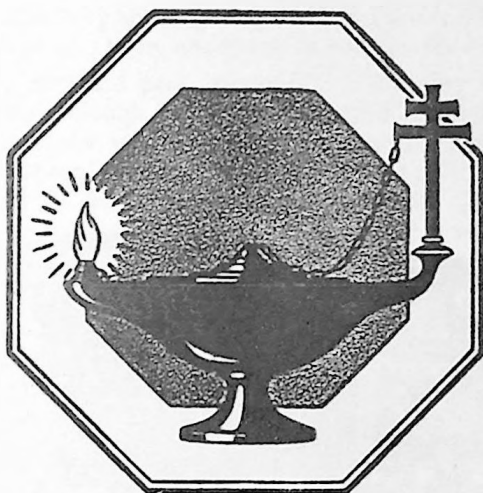


TOC H JOURNAL



MAY—MCMXLVI

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TOC H JOURNAL

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No. 5

'LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE'

Canon E. C. CROSSE, Headmaster of Ardingly College, contributes this account of the Rev. the Hon. MAURICE PEEL, C.F., M.C. with Bar, who was killed at Bullecourt in May, 1917. It has a special fitness, as readers will see, for Ascension Day, which falls this year on May 30. The story was originally written as part of a chapter, describing the work of Chaplains serving an Infantry Brigade, in a book on the work of C. of E. Chaplains in the first World War. The late Canon B. K. Cunningham, a great friend of Toc H, who for some time ran the C. of E. Chaplain's School at St. Omer, undertook to edit the book, never published.

IN May, 1915, Maurice Peel obtained permission from Gen. Sir Hubert Gough to accompany his battalion over the top in the battle of Festubert. His action on this occasion was so entirely typical of him and had such an effect on the history of the Chaplains Department that it is worth recording in detail.

Peel had no use for the idea that a chaplain's place, even in battle, was out of line, and since to all appearance he simply did not know what fear was, his presence came to be valued even by those who were quite indifferent to religion. And yet he never for one moment forgot his profession nor allowed others to do so. He did all those things which every chaplain must have longed to do, but which seemed so impossible to almost every one else. For instance just before an attack was due to start he would walk along the assembly trenches with some appropriate text on his lips; or if he couldn't get along he would pass the word down the line, and hard-bitten soldiers, whose language sometimes knew little restraint, would pass the sacred words along with obvious satisfaction: "The Padre says, 'Remember this—God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son,' etc. There was nothing forced or unnatural in the way Peel did this. It was just the real man speaking words of inspiration at a time when inspiration was needed.

In billets he was just the same. His view was that this life is only a phase, and that

eternal life is a reality which makes danger and discomfort negligible. His favourite collect was that for Ascension Day, and he was always trying to lift up mens' thoughts to "the great beyond." At one time he put up a notice to say there would be a debate in a certain billet about immortality. Most of the officers of the battalion rolled up. At the end of the debate, Peel, without quoting a word of scripture, tried to show how all the best minds throughout the ages had believed in immortality, as the only possible answer to the riddle of this life.

Of course a man of Peel's force of character did not get away without opposition. In particular his proposal to accompany his battalion over the top at Festubert aroused a lot of criticism.—"There would be quite enough casualties without the addition of a padre. What could a padre do in battle?" and so on. This type of criticism, which showed an amazing ignorance of the moral value of a pure volunteer's presence on such an occasion, did not alter his determination. True to his decision, he accompanied his battalion over the top, walking-stick in hand. He was hit, as he was almost bound to be, and was sent home to England badly wounded. When he returned he was mercifully sent back to his old battalion, the 1st Welch Fusiliers, and by this time there was no question of the padre's right to be in the front line. Peel found himself free to wander where he wished and to spread the bright

beams of his presence on many a lonely post and many a timid soul. The risks he ran were so great that the superstitious began to believe that he bore a charmed life and was invulnerable as air. When the Germans were retiring to the Hindenburg line in the spring of 1917 the task of those in the front line was especially difficult because no one could say how near the enemy might be at any time. There was no consecutive line as in the old trench system. All there was was a few outposts scattered about in shell holes and even the task of getting rations up was a tricky job. Since Peel never spoke of his exploits no one will ever be able to say just what he did, but every night at this time he wandered about the outposts and appeared like a guardian angel through the mist, bringing strength and comfort to many a lonely sentry.

But though the details of his daily life may be wrapped in obscurity, we hope it will not be forgotten how in May, 1917, he met his death in what was surely some of the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting of the whole war, in the reeking ruins of Bullecourt. So heavy was the fighting that it was literally true to say that the trenches were built partly with bodies of the dead. More than once each battalion of his brigade was sent into the front line, and more than once each battalion had to be withdrawn, only to be replaced by one which had nominally been "rested." "And the sun went down and the stars came

out . . . but never a moment ceased the fight." So keen were the enemy to retake Bullecourt that they sent in some of their finest troops, 'The Cockshafers' of the Prussian Guard, with orders to retake the village "or die." Huge fellows they were, and fine soldiers too, who counted it an honour to receive an order like that. For something like a week the two sides fought it out, mainly with bombs, while all around the ceaseless barrage fell. At the end of that time the village was still in our hands, and at the furthest point of all, just in front of the ruins of the church, lay all that was mortal of Maurice Peel. Though he had had many opportunities of coming back he had refused to do so until the last of his wounded were cleared. Of him as of the greatest of all soldiers, Hannibal, it might truly be said, *Princeps in proelium ibat; ultimus, proelio conserto, excedebat*: "He was the first to go into battle and the last to come out." Getting up in broad daylight to help one of those who had been wounded, he was shot through the stomach, and bled to death where he fell. A day or two later, on Ascension Day as it happened, the Senior Chaplain of the Division, Eric Milner-White, now Dean of York, crawled out and read over his body the collect for the day, which he loved so well. Those who argue that Maurice Peel threw his life away must by the same argument say that Jesus squandered His. E. C. CROSSE.

'THE SUPREME' AND TOC H

G. R. Purdy, Warden of one of our Services Clubs, writes from Malaya Command:—

"I am sure you will be interested and delighted to know that we had the privilege and honour of entertaining as our guest the 'Supreme,' Lord Louis Mountbatten, from February 22-25.

He expressed his desire for a quiet restful time, and we were able to give him the sole use of our H.Q., 'Hillbrow,' and were also responsible for his comfort and the necessary catering.

In conversation he showed a keen appreciation of our work here in the Far East, and on leaving expressed his thanks for a 'perfect' week-end, and for the work that was being done here for 'my boys' (his own expression).

Needless to say, both Barbara Leake and myself count it a great honour to have had this experience and to have been able to maintain the high standard of our Toc H work."

CONGRATULATIONS

To GEORGE MATHERS, M.P. for Linlithgow, (elected to Toc H in 1937) on his appointment as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

TOC H TIES, etc.

Charles Thompson, 41, Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E.1, the Toc H Outfitter, writes that prices of Toc H Ties, etc. have unfortunately increased. The new rates are:—

ART SILK TIES (1 coupon): 5s., postage 2½d.; per doz., 58s., post free.

NONCREASE TIES (1 coupon): 7s. 6d., postage 2½d.; per doz., 87s., post free.

ART SILK SQUARES: (2 coupons): 17s. 11d., postage 3d.

BLAZER BADGES: 3½ ins × 2½ ins., 3s. 9d., postage 2½d.; per doz., 42s., post free.

(Delivery Dates: Art Silk Ties, Squares and Badges—May; Noncrease Ties—August.)

SIEGE IN A CITY

RUPERT BLISS, *just home from work in Toc H Services Clubs in India, contributes this.*

It was fantastic. There we were, nine men and one woman (over and above the Indian servants) in a large house in a great city, marooned almost as effectively as if we had been cast upon a desert island.

There was the military police station a furlong up the road, but they were as helpless as ourselves, for until orders were given to the contrary, the army could not interfere.

One connection, happily unbroken, we still had with the outside world. Strange what a bulwark against dismay a live telephone can be, even though the news arriving over it be not particularly consoling. For example, one of the two who had gone out early that morning had already rung up at mid-day to say he had found refuge in the Officers' Transit Hotel in Chowringhee, the main street of Calcutta, but not before he had been assaulted with bamboos, knocked down and robbed. But of Bill there was not a word, and we were getting anxious.

There had been warnings the day before that there might be trouble, since the Indian students of both parties had determined upon a procession and demonstration as a gesture against the I.N.A. verdicts. Not that we poor simple-minded Britishers could perceive exactly what they had to protest about, let alone the way in which the protest was destined to develop.

It was no procession, as we understood the word, which advanced up Corporation Street at ten o'clock that morning. Rather it was a surging sea of frenzied young men, armed with sticks, stones, bamboos and brickbats, shrieking themselves at the tops of their voices into a state of wild hysteria. The first wave swept past our house and came to a halt at the cross-roads a hundred yards up, where they proceeded to stop all traffic, accost everyone wearing a semblance of European dress, knock their hats off, remove their outer garments, and generally rough-handle them. Some of our party went up on to the roof to watch developments, but they got a shower of stones for their trouble, and decided that

discretion was the better part of interest.

We held a hasty council of war, and concluded that our wisest strategy would be a Brer Rabbit one. So we closed the gates and doors, shuttered up all the windows, and watched events from between the slats.

A Beautiful Bonfire

This course of action quickly justified itself, for within a few minutes the next wave of "processionists" surged up the street, and, finding their way blocked ahead, started looking around just outside for some effective means of self-expression. This did not take long. Almost opposite us was a nice little Y.M.C.A., accustomed to serve both Indians and Europeans, its doors open invitingly. With a whoop of joy a section of the wave detached itself and began pouring into the Club. The flow gradually came to a stop, then reversed itself, the discharge carrying out with it chairs, tables, lockers, hatstands, books, files, and everything else removable and combustible it could lay its hands on. These were then broken and torn to bits and piled up in the roadway as for a fire. Thereupon a match was put to the boiling and a beautiful bonfire was enjoyed by all—except perhaps the Y.M.C.A. Secretary who did not appear to be entering into the spirit of the thing.

Next followed a series of chinatic crashes from inside the Club. The processionists were clearly having a happy time amongst the crockery. Then a dense column of smoke arose from the building itself. "Lord," we thought, "they've set the whole place on fire!" Should we, we wondered, make a sally and try and help? But we were nine and they were in their hundreds. In the present mood of the crowd any interference on our part would quickly reduce us all to total liabilities. The most we could profitably do was to keep the police in touch over the 'phone.

The bonfires burnt merrily, and they, in addition to the entertainment gained by

bullyragging the odd passer-by, whiled away a profitable hour. There was yet no sign of the police and the flames were gradually dying down (the fire inside the Y.M. proved later to be mattresses from the beds, and not the actual building). The wonder whether it would not be next the turn of Toc H H.Q. made us all feel a little cold inside.

Suddenly above the din arose a tremendous hooting and clattering, and a large lorry loaded with some three dozen armed police pulled up a few doors down the road. Unfortunately from behind our shutters we could not see in detail what was happening, but we knew the police to be vastly outnumbered and we longed to witness their tackling of the situation.

The vicious crack of stones and brickbats against the sides of the lorry told what kind of reception the police were having, but we could not see how many were hit. A few seconds later a sharp crackle of rifle fire broke on top of the general hubbub, followed by a howl from the crowd and a redoubling of hurled missiles. Another volley rang out, the howls turned to screams, and a violent scatter took place in all directions. From our lattice we could see at least one motionless body lying in the road.

From then on, and right the way through the afternoon, a kind of running catch-as-catch-can ensued, marked by plenty of stone-throwing and occasional shots, with the "battle" swirling in the streets round us.

Just before lunch John put forward the suggestion that we all go down to the Chapel and lay the whole matter corporately before God. This we did, and prayed with no little feeling that ugly passions here and elsewhere should be assuaged; that reason, kindness, good sense and good humour should prevail, in our own and in others hearts; and that God's will should be done on earth as it is in heaven. I think every one of us rose up from that little gathering feeling considerably steadied and fortified.

Bill comes back

All the same it was worrying about Bill, and when tea time came and still there was no news of him we began finding it hard to

keep the strictest censor on our imagination. With all the shutters closed it was darkish in the big upper room where we sat round in a circle drinking our tea. As we lit cigarettes and chatted randomly on this and that, we wondered what the coming night would have in store for us. Suddenly a tall, broad, Scottish-looking figure materialised itself on the stairway-head at the far end of the room. We all turned and looked, and cried with one voice, "Bill!" for joy.

He advanced across the floor toward us with two bold paper flags pinned on either side his manly breast. It appeared that during the course of his by-no-means unadventurous journey across the dislocated city, he had been prevailed upon to embrace both the Congress Party and the Muslim League!

Undoubtedly it was Bill's invincible good nature and boundless sense of humour which had saved the day for him. Aggressively accosted in the first instance, he had refused to get rattled, and by means of transparently friendly banter had won for himself a complete Indian bodyguard who had accompanied him by a back way home, and protected him from further molestation. He had paid two annas for the honour of becoming a Muslim Leaguer, but Congress membership had been bestowed upon him free.

That evening curfew and martial law were declared in Calcutta, and throughout the night and following day the streets were patrolled by the Armed Forces. We ourselves kept watch two by two all through that night, but nothing untoward happened.

Next day Vernon was due to leave for England, and we saw him off in a heavily guarded and much benetted military truck. The precautions proved just as well, for they became the target for the odd brickbat as they bowled along to the Transit Camp, and were forced to return fire with "blank." It was still sufficiently unpleasant on the streets that a refugee or so sought sanctuary with us. It also became apparent to us through remarks we were able to hear how disgusted the vast majority of Indian as well as European citizens were at this exhibition which had taken place within their city.

That second night the worst was obviously

over, and the city was slowly recovering from its hapless delirium. Wednesday night is "Cards Night" at Toc H, Corporation Street, so we celebrated that evening of the 13th February, 1946, with ale decanted into

an enormous glass jug, and by learning a new and singularly vindictive round-game rejoicing in the name of "Oh, hell," but better known to others as "Missionaries Bridge." R.B.

ON THE JOB—I. Sick Children's Cinema

In this series we give, as material becomes available, short accounts of interesting jobs of service being done by Toc H units or members. Those engaged in work a little out of the ordinary run are asked to write briefly about it and send it to the Editor.

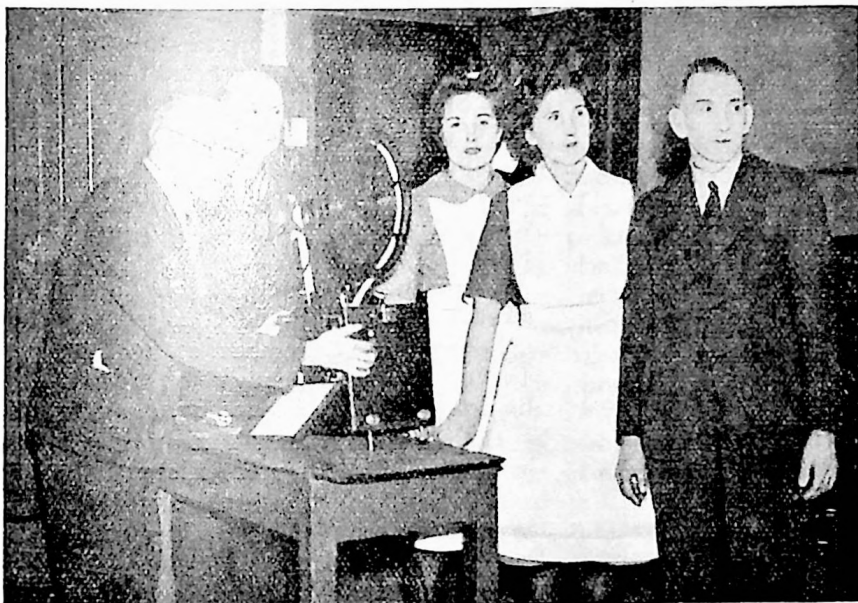
ABOUT twelve months ago some members of the Belfast Branch organised regular concerts in local Hospitals, chiefly in wards occupied by long-term 'kiddie' patients.

When considerable difficulty was found in getting artistes suitable for entertaining children, the idea of providing a portable 'talkie' cinema occurred to the Branch.

or five shows were given in City hospitals.

These entertainments at once caught on. So much were they enjoyed by the patients and appreciated by the medical and nursing staffs that, since the beginning of this year, a dozen Hospitals have been visited, some of these five or six times.

On Sunday, March 17, the committee also showed a religious film in St. Peter's Church, Belfast—the first in any church in Ireland.



The committee has been well backed up with help. H.E. the Governor of Northern Ireland, Earl Granville, has kindly consented to become patron of the Belfast Toc H Entertainments Committee. The W.V.S. have generously solved the transport problem by

They also proposed to extend the scheme to adults in other institutions.

A small committee was formed and an appeal launched, which brought in nearly £400. This enabled them to buy a 16 mm. portable projector and screen, and, after some preliminary practice, they launched their first performances in Christmas week, when four

the loan of their cars for the purpose. Several teams of enthusiastic operators have been trained and are now able to work smoothly. But the steadily increasing demand for this service entails mounting expenditure. The rental of good films, for instance, is expensive. The committee has several money-raising schemes in operation.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

ARBON.—Reported missing on November 4, 1944, now presumed killed, HARRY ARBON, Flying Officer, R.A.F, Secretary of Bromley Branch in 1940. Elected December, 1940.

BARTHOLEMEW.—On March 31, Sir CLARENCE EDWARD BARTHOLEMEW, Chairman of Bryant & May, Ltd., aged 66. Elected December 1923.

BRACKEN.—In January, HENRY URBAN BRACKEN, a member of Paisley Branch. Elected 12.2.'32.

CHEW.—On February 7, HENRY ERNEST CHEW, aged 70, a founder member of Biggleswade Branch. Elected 21.2.'34.

DICKENSON.—On March 26, SYDNEY DICKENSON, aged 46, a member of Rochdale Branch, then of Coventry. Elected 5.6.'31.

GILL.—On April 6, the Rev. W. R. GILL, Vicar of All Saints, Haggerston, a member of Kentish Town Branch. Elected 10.6.'29.

GLOTHAM.—WILLIAM JOHN GLOTHAM, a member of Willenhall Branch. Elected 16.10.'39.

LEY.—In March, Mrs. H. G. LEY, a woman Foundation Member of Toc H. Elected 1.7.'20.

MALE.—On January 30, HARRY MALE, a founder member of Stourbridge Branch. Elected 19.10.'31.

MANSFIELD.—On January 27, after many years of suffering, BOBBIE MANSFIELD, aged 37, a member of West Hendon Branch. Elected 24.11.'28.

MORGAN.—On January 1, ALBERT MORGAN, aged 58, Chairman of Kenley Branch. Elected 21.2.'38.

MORRIS.—In February, HUBERT PICTON MORRIS, aged nearly 90, a general member. Elected 4.1.'26.

NEW.—On April 2, FREDERICK ('Uncle') NEW, aged 74, for 14 years Hon. Treasurer of Hornchurch Branch. Elected 18.6.'31.

PARKINS.—On March 26, J. PARKINS, a member of Swindon Branch. Elected 9.1.'29.

PHELPS.—On January 16, EDWARD ARCHIBALD PHELPS, Assistant Librarian, Trinity College, Dublin, a founder member of Monkstown (Co. Dublin) Group, former Dublin District Secretary. Elected 12.10.'37.

REAVENALL.—In April, HOWARD REAVENALL, a founder member of Chepstow Branch. Elected 16.10.'31.

SHARP.—On January 21, SAM SHARP, oldest member of Louth Branch. Elected 1.2.'32.

SHERRINGTON.—Reported missing in the Far East in February, 1942, now presumed drowned at sea, WILLIAM GEORGE JAMES SHERRINGTON, a member and sometime Secretary of Southend-on-Sea Branch. Elected 22.11.'32.

SIMS.—Previously reported missing, now killed in action on August 12, 1944, HENRY JOHN SIMS, a member of the former Hilmar-ton Group, Wilts. Elected 25.11.'39.

SUMMERILL.—On March 19, ERNEST FREDERICK GEORGE SUMMERILL, aged 52, for 8 years Treasurer of Yenton Branch. Elected 26.5.'37.

THEOBALD.—In March, A. H. THEOBALD, a member of Hitchin Branch. Elected 24.1.'30.

TRAVIS.—On December 2, 1945, HARRY TRAVIS, an old member of Mark VIII Branch, Sheffield. Elected 13.10.'26.

TRUBSHAW.—WILLIAM TRUBSHAW, a member of Willenhall Branch. Elected 23.7.'28.

WADLEY.—On September 3, 1945, A. J. WADLEY, a member and Builder of Cheltenham. Elected 4.6.'26.

WALKER.—On April 18, Canon H. MILNES WALKER, for ten years the devoted Padre of Malmesbury Westport Branch. Elected 25.5.'36.

For the Hungry and Homeless

LORD JESUS, by Thy suffering on the Cross, be nigh unto all them that are homeless and hungry, desolate and despairing to-day. Let Thy strong presence uphold them and arm with strength and understanding all who try to relieve their distress; for Thy Name's sake. *Amen.*

WHAT READERS WANT—III.

SOME early answers to the questions ("What do readers want?") raised in the March JOURNAL by a letter from one District and an article ("New Ideas—are there any?") by one member in it, were published in April. Further replies are coming in, and more—in response to an invitation to correspondents and contributors

in the April number—are likely. It looks indeed as if the Editor, for the first time in over twenty years, will be able to sit back and watch the membership producing just the JOURNAL it wants. Or won't he?

What follows is a comprehensive selection from the reactions of members up to date.

More will follow next month.

A CREW FOR COLUMBUS

First we print a piece of 'fiction' in reply to the District letter. Readers will spot the parable it contains for Toc H. Some will approve of it, some won't.

THE smoke lay thick from the fire in the Sailor's Head as the three men waited with such patience as they could muster. The light of day quietly gave way to the mantle of night.

"Will they never come?" asked he of the great moustache. The question, addressed to no one in particular, remained unanswered.

Each of the four men sat pondering. They had collectively been told to collect crews. That was easy. That was a matter to which they were accustomed. There was no shortage of men willing to embark on a ship to this port or to that port. The promise of adventure, the sight of strange lands and the prospect of a full purse at the end of the voyage were sufficient allure for the seamen who roamed the shores.

But when you asked a man to join a ship which was sailing with no particular cargo to the East, *via* a route to the West that probably didn't exist outside the mind of the man who was commissioning the ships, that was something of a problem. To say to a crowd of men "We are sailing West, lads," was not sufficient. The questions came thick and fast—"Where to?" . . . "What chart are we using?" . . . "What Port are we heading for?" . . . "What is the cargo?"

Men were willing enough to sail, but they had the right to know whither they were heading. After all, they were taking the risks and go without knowledge of where they were going was too much to ask.

And so Pedro had gone to see the man who had commissioned the ships. As a

representative of the men charged to obtain crews, he had gone to see if he could not get some further details to make the job of getting crews more easy. The name of a Port, the charts to be used, and above all what was expected when they got there—a land of plenty whence a man might come home rich? A land of beautiful maidens? They felt the need of being able to offer a more definite purpose to the men they hoped would make the ship's companies.

Such reflections were cut short by the return of Pedro. But Pedro was not alone. He ushered in Christopher Columbus himself. A sailor with a sense of adventure was he. He had scoured the world raising money to set out on this adventure, and here he was faced by the five men he had detailed to get crews. It was difficult, so Pedro had stated; they wanted details and promises. Pedro had even gone as far as to insinuate that the mere suggestion of gold would make a prize which would entice men to the ships.

Christopher himself knew well the kind of label which would instantly get him a crew. Piracy, slaving, or even smuggling would easily get him a crew of a sort—hard men. Honest trading on the other hand would get him a crew of a more decent type. But he wanted a mixed crew. Hard men for hardship and in case of fighting. Decent men as a leaven and in case of trading. He would not, however much he was pressed, label his voyage. The sheer adventure of the voyage was enough for him. It must be enough for his crew.

"Sit down," said he, as the men got to their feet. He seated himself. Wine was brought.

And then the magic of the man was brought to play. He and his brother Bartholomew were certain that a route to the Far East existed across the unknown seas, *via* the West. Those uncertain, uncharted and violent seas should be made to give up their secrets. There might be other lands that they would meet before they reached the East, there might be mere wastes of water. That it was a voyage of hazard and hardship was certain. There was quite a possibility that shipwreck and loss of life would be their only reward. But he was determined that the voyage would be made. He was certain that men of adventure willing to try the dangerous experiment would answer the call. It was unfortunate that he himself was so occupied with raising the money, purchasing the three small stout ships and laying in of

stores that he had had to leave the recruiting of the crews to these men. Fine men they were but they were short of vision, they could not attract other men unless they had definite offers to attract. After all, Pedro had stated, other Captains were not hampered by this uncertainty and lack of a goal. They knew where they were going and it was easy to attract men to their ships.

But Christopher would not budge. Adventure into the unknown was the only port to which he was sailing. He himself was certain that a new way was to be found and he was sure that there were men who would follow. If these men whom he had chosen to find him crews failed him, he would be very sorry, but he would have to find others. That was a step he was loath to take, but, if necessary, he would have to do so.

It is a matter of History that he succeeded, aided by his Captains and his crews.

'LEMON.'

WANTED—CHRISTIANS IN ACTION

Next, here are two letters, one from a padre, one from a layman.

I.

"CAN we get a lead from the Churches," asks your Correspondent on p. 61 of the March number of the JOURNAL; "Ask your Parson to explain," etc. No, Harry, he won't say "it's the war"—he'll say this. There are too many nominal Christians—too many people who don't do a hand's turn to help the Churches. What proportion of Toc H chaps go to Church or Chapel regularly? What proportion do anything to help, yes, and encourage, their Padre in his *essential* work? I have been attached to Toc H as a Padre for over 20 years in various parts of this Country and my experience has been this. I have found, almost without exception, that the chaps are grand blokes, that they'll do a humane job readily enough (when they see one to be done) but as for anything to do with organised religion, of whatever denomination, not on your life! Toc H, so the official wording goes—"believes that religion belongs to seven days of the week, and not merely Sundays." If we leave out "merely" we shall find what

Toc H practices and, presumably, believes! Again—"Toc H wants to help him to be a better member of his own Church." If the chaps don't turn up at Meetings they are not regarded as being very keen. If they never go to Church (or Chapel) how can they be regarded as Christian, *i.e.* followers of Him who went, "as was His wont," to the Synagogue on the Sabbath Day? The Clergy—of all denominations—have a difficult enough time of it now. Discouragement is easy—and they ought to be able to rely on loyal support from at least 75 per cent. of Toc H blokes. No, too many regard short Toc H prayers at meetings as the be-all and end-all of their devotional life. The Church does not consist simply of its officers, but of *You*.

If Toc H would begin to take its part seriously in the Conversion of England, the result for good would be incalculable; jobs would not be lacking. Come on chaps! act up to your own prayer—disown discouragement, and, for God's sake, let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works.

Lest it be thought that I am digging at my own Branch—and I have done that alright!—I enclose my card and sign myself
A MEMBER OF TOC H AND OF A CHURCH.

II.

WITH due respect to Harry Clarke, I am reminded of the proverbial professor searching for his spectacles when they are actually on his forehead.

It is appropriate that his article should have appeared in Lent, when our Lord rejected the temptations to attract attention and secure results by satisfying the earthly needs of mankind, by acquiring worldly power and

position or by spectacular activity, and prepared to do His Father's will in personal ministry to individuals and small groups of men, women and children.

The last paragraph of the article is an effective answer to the first. Much of what is interposed deserves comment, but I will content myself with remarking that I know many parsons (and ordinary members) who can give a satisfying explanation of the prevalence of sin in the modern world and commend the study of to-day's best shillingsworth, *Towards the conversion of England*.

BOB CANNING.

West Midlands Area.

'LOOK WIDE' AT OUR JOB

Here are two longer letters stressing the need in Toc H not so much for new ideas ("are there any?") as for a new outlook on our job and our ability to influence public opinion.

I.

The Journal: In answer to "*What do readers want?*" I don't want any radical change in the JOURNAL, as it is at present; you ring the changes very well now. I may have missed seeing half-a-dozen copies since it was first published in 1923; but what I considered the pick of the "years between," still get read and have lost little of their inspiration or interest in the passage of time.

Our warmest thanks and heartfelt gratitude for that grand proportion of the five-and-a-half million words you, as Editor, have sandwiched in between so many other jobs. Your descriptions are still as vivid, and, where they cover journeys abroad, paint an instructive but entertaining background, written in a style so fresh and remote from present-day journalese.

All aspects, principles and ideas of Toc H, seem to me to be well covered, and I trust we've said goodbye to unit, District or Area news unless of *outstanding interest*. I fail to see how the movement benefits by its publication (other than in an *Area Bulletin*) and consider that, if Toc H wishes to go forward, it must "Look Wide," as we say in Scouting, beyond the parochial sphere to the international problems.

Propaganda: I was sorry to hear Toc H described as a "bunch of flag-sellers," as I

hoped most units raised money by means requiring a little more service and sacrifice. By all means let us indulge in a little *discreet* propaganda and let local people know what contribution is being made to the common cause (we once broadcast part of the proceedings at an Area gathering).

Salaried men in Toc H must, much more than in the past, venture further afield to spread the movement, leaving the oversight of established units now largely to voluntary workers in the Area—there are many capable of doing this. Why expect somebody else to dig your own unit's foundations?—it's your own local job.

A new outlook: With regard to "New Ideas—are there any?"—is there anything new under the sun? It seems to me it's not new *Ideas* but a new *Outlook* that is required. Many of us have returned from the Forces full of enthusiasm, only to find that some thundering hard work is necessary if things are to be altered. Too many glibly say "They won't stand for it," yet do little about making a *definite* and determined stand themselves.

It is all very well to criticize the Churches for failing to give a lead, but what are fellows both *inside* and *outside* the Churches—doing to back up their efforts to counteract crime and to fight the prevailing evils of the day?

What are *you* doing to get 'the authorities' to alter things? Action, please! You elect them, so keep worrying them, or, as a last resort, kick them out, if you know somebody more suitable. Collective public action is open to us. Bold and forceful speaking, backed by constructive action, has often had its seeds sown in a Toc H meeting where members have felt dissatisfaction with conditions. In many towns and districts of the West Country, Toc H exercises a definite influence on policy. Even M.P.'s are not unaware of its ideas and ideals; and it counts that the B.B.C. Western Regional Programme Director was a former Hon. Area Secretary. Is it a fact that the District which wrote to the JOURNAL is of a less virile type than that found in Districts of my own Area? I refuse to think so.

I hate 'mass' mentality, so I loathe any desire for a general 'idea' to nail to our banners. Let us create our own, not forgetting its suitability to the locality where we live. Why wait to be asked for assistance? Why not offer assistance and then prove our worth?

The spirit of adventure is not dead, not buried in what passes as 'war weariness.' Tough fighting requires fitness and preparation. We may only see, years ahead, dim glimpses of results on which others may build further and higher.

FRANCIS S. MUNDY.

South Western Area.

II.

THE two articles in the March JOURNAL raise a matter that has been troubling many of us very much. Nor am I sure that any "new ideas" will answer it. Rather I suggest that the solution lies in or around 'reorientation.'

For a good many years before the war the general idea seemed to be that the Toc H job was the "odd job" performed by the members of the unit concerned. By the odd job I mean those isolated acts of help and comfort which a body of ordinary folk could carry out, such as, for example, helping in a boys' club, visiting hospitals, giving outings to old folks,

digging the widow's garden, even collecting money and so on; acts in fact which naturally led outsiders to look on Toc H as a social service organisation eager and willing to be called on and mighty useful to save others trouble. And I believe this notion still persists.

Now I do not wish to belittle the doing of these acts—even in certain circumstances the collecting of money. To realise that these opportunities exist is itself well worth while. But are not the majority of these jobs such as any decent fellow realising the need would naturally do? I mean should not we in Toc H simply take these in our stride, as it were, and not imagine that in the doing we are satisfying the law of Toc H?

I suppose as good a definition of the aim of Toc H as any is in the phrase "to work for the Kingdom of God in the wills of men." If we admit this, it opens up a great vista of activity and adventure that makes what I have called the odd jobs look like the merest pebbles on the beach. For here we find not only the kind of activity needed (work for the Kingdom), which implies in addition to a keenly alert liveliness a need for continuous study, but also the field (the wills of men), which implies an impact on the imagination of men that will impel them to a like course of action. That is to say, the real Toc H job of the unit is not so much to pile up an impressive roll of personal jobs done by the members themselves as to impress on the public the need of looking at life and the activities of life from a Christian point of view, of opening up fresh windows and inducing the public to look through them.

By way of example, a good deal might be done by small public meetings, with a member of Toc H in the chair, stating quite frankly why Toc H has called the meeting. In the field of politics alone (I do not refer to Party politics and perhaps the term economics would be better) there are many interesting and worthwhile theories that would be the better for general consideration. One need only mention the body of Christian Sociologists or the I.C.F. as two out of many. A book like *The Prospect of Christendom*,

edited by Maurice Reckitt, alone opens up vast possibilities. Village life is too often a mass of jealousies and bickerings. The bringing together of all sections in a Village Community Council has before now proved a way to heal old sores; the ever present question of the youngster, the unwanted, the misplaced, the delinquent, is by no means solved. And so one could go on.

English life at the moment is seething with forebodings and fears, and I believe that Toc H like every Christian body is urgently needed to clarify and steady opinions. Incidentally I cannot agree with your correspondent, Harry Clarke, that the Churches are failing to give us a lead. Let

him peep at the book I have mentioned, or, again, for a single shilling he can get that much discussed book *Towards the Conversion of England*, at the end of which he will find a list of books which will, I guarantee, change his opinion.

Finally, I believe that the JOURNAL could do a great deal to help and interest members if it published from time to time articles about or, better, from these various movements. Such information is badly needed and would I feel sure be warmly welcomed by members. 'SPUD.'

Kent, Surrey and Sussex Area.

NOTE.—The last suggestion has in the past often been complied with and will be again.—ED.

A SERVICE VIEW

The Toc H Circle in Brussels, a good mixture of Service and civilian members and friends, recently spent three meetings in discussion on the future of Toc H. Both the Editor's article ("Where do we go from here?") in the February JOURNAL and Harry Clarke's in March came under fire. Here is a summary of the whole debate, put together by Haggis, of the old Brussels Branch. The minutes of the three meetings contain some other points also.

I DO not know whether this is a reply to your article in the February JOURNAL, or to Harry Clarke's in March. Maybe it touches on both.

One of our Services members the other week gave a talk on "The Attitude of the Services to Civilian Life and towards Toc H." His talk and the subsequent discussion raised several points.

The men from the Services have no illusions this time about the sort of land to which they are returning, and they are determined to work for their own material well-being. Until these material matters are settled they will not easily be led to think about spiritual values, (and few of them have much thought for spiritual things), although practical Christianity as expressed in the Toc H ideals will reach them more readily than the pulpit.

Will Toc H survive? Unfortunately Toc H in its real sense is little known, at least in the European theatre, where it usually means little more than "canteen." This is not a criticism of Toc H with the Forces over here, where they have been doing a job with

static canteens, in premises often fitted for nothing more than this, and frequently with wardens who are not members. It is suggested, however, that if they knew more of the things for which Toc H stands, many of them would respond to its challenge, especially as the men coming back to civilian life will miss more than anything else the comradeship of the Services.*

One Services member suggested that the new members from the Forces would not be sufficient to replace the losses from civilian units during the war, and he doubted whether Toc H would survive. This raised the question of whether the Services members would revivify Toc H at home, or whether the slackness of many Home units would kill their enthusiasm.

* Readers may remember that the Hon. Administrator outlined in the November JOURNAL last year the peace-time policy of Toc H in the B.A.O.R.—Services Clubs (with canteens) to be strictly limited and not increased, and Services Teams (formerly called 'Circles'), where Service men could practise as far as possible the real unit life of Toc H, to be promoted. Demobilisation and movements of troops makes this difficult, but it is going on in many places.—ED.

The "old sweats" of course had no doubts about the survival of Toc H, and suggested that it had a special job to do in contacting the young men now going back to civilian life, and helping them to bridge the gulf between the material and the spiritual. They agreed however that the outlook and organisation of the movement must be modernised. While twenty per cent. of the members may be older men, with a real attachment to "The Old House" and its tradition, eighty per cent. are modern youth, and Toc H must appeal to them.

This led to the "problem" set forth in the February JOURNAL and we have since spent a couple of meetings discussing the future of Toc H. We think we have something—at least an idea or two for discussion.

A Change of Name?: Firstly, and definitely, Toc H must change its name in such a way that it means something, and does not need pages of explanation to the uninitiated. The old signal code is demoded, and does not even mean a thing to the modern service men—fancy calling the movement "Tare How!" Something must be done about it, yet the old name means much to many of us and has achieved a 'standing' among those who know it.

So, under the name "Toc H" on every letter, every pamphlet and every form, let us add "The Order of Christian Happiness." Does not "Order" better describe our brotherhood than "society," "association" or "organisation"? And why not advertise ourselves frankly and proudly as Christian (and seek association with every branch of the Christian Church)? Finally, what on earth does Toc H stand for if not Happiness? We could add further explanations to those who sought them, but the name would at least mean something—and quite a lot—to all who saw it.

'Organise and Advertise': Secondly the watchword of Toc H now must be "Organise and Advertise." We must cease to hide our light, and make ourselves known among the returning ex-service men, and among men of goodwill everywhere. We must welcome all those who are willing to come in with us

and who will truly strive for the spreading of the principles for which we stand. Let us drop our old system of probation, and accept them readily into the Family, provided that they are well and duly sponsored by members who know them.

Toc H needs leaders, but most men are capable of some type of leadership if they are guided. The older members must be content to guide the younger, and encourage them all to be leaders in spreading the principles of Toc H.

Quality may be important, but should we not also place a high value on quantity? The problems of civic life may make meetings more difficult than before, and the problems of many men, as pointed out in the February JOURNAL, are such that they cannot attend meetings regularly. If less men can give their full time to Toc H, then more men are needed.

Unit life must remain the basis of the "Order," since Fellowship is even more important than Service in maintaining the ideals, and attendance at meetings should still be insisted upon as far as possible. But for those who cannot attend meetings as regularly as they would like, some new class of membership must be devised—a cross between full active membership and passive 'Builders.' While being careful to avoid over-organisation, we must of course organise contact between such members and the rest of the family.

'Cells': Why not institute "cells" of Toc H, consisting of three, four or half-a-dozen men, too busy to be regular at meetings, but who meet each other in business, factory, on the local Council, in Rotary, Church of elsewhere? Such cells could be organised by members in various circles of activity, and could be kept in touch with the local unit by active members there.

Members of a cell might organise a rota by which they would in turn attend the meetings of the unit to which they were attached. Some units might even break up into cells, and meet less often as units, but we prefer the idea of cells attached to existing units and in touch with them.

In any case, while trying to reach a wider circle and to link up with all those who may help us to spread that spirit which the world so sadly needs, two things must be kept in mind. There must be no lowering of the standard or reducing the full challenge of Toc H to the "whole man"; and while we

may lessen our insistence on regular attendance at meetings, we must maintain our emphasis on the value of the fellowship of the Family, and urge all our members to share in and to contribute to it.

Brussels.

H.

SOME SUGGESTIONS

Here are points, all worth pondering and discussing, from the letters of six correspondents.

I.

The Personal Touch

I'VE just been reading Harry Clarke's article. To my mind he answers his problem in the last paragraph.

The most effective—and yet the hardest—job is for the individual to carry the Toc H spirit into everyday life. If we are *really* imbued with this spirit people ought to be able to see it in our faces—a little bit of Christ showing through, hear it in our conversation, feel it in our actions. . . . Don't let us get too worried about the big jobs not coming along. They will come, all in good time, if we really "listen to the voice of God." This is, I believe, our first and hardest job, but also our biggest contribution to the Kingdom.

A.H.M.

II.

Contact with the Churches

HARRY Clarke mentions propaganda. Do all Groups and Branches try to get a notice put in the parish magazines of their local Anglican and other Churches? It would also be a good thing if units could get a 'piece' into their local newspaper every week, describing Toc H aims, supplying information about local activities and extending an invitation to the weekly meeting.

Toc H is essentially a Christian movement, interdenominational and international, working for the establishment of God's Kingdom, in both spiritual and material things, on earth: it is, in ideal, a union of the Churches in practical Christianity. Branches should, therefore, always be in touch with the Christian Councils, where they exist—the British Council of Churches or the World

Council of Churches (in which, in some cases, Anglicans, Nonconformists and Roman Catholics are represented) and should do all they can to assist them in their work. I am sure that Toc H units would get a number of ideas for jobs, both individual and corporate, if they invited selected ministers from such local Councils to lay before them suggestions as to how Toc H might help.

GUY H. GORHAM.

Harpenden.

III.

Making Youth Leaders

From a Navy member, who says his unit is trying this job out—"making solid progress and liking it!"

FIRST of all, let's put our own house in order. Let us have a 'Blitz' on our meeting-room, which probably hasn't had a coat of paint or distemper for 'the duration' . . . Make it inviting for newcomers. This must be done quickly—inside a month, at any rate.

Next, let us turn our thoughts to the reconstruction of the world for Peace—and start to build on a solid foundation. Who denies that the "youth of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow?" Right, then, let's get ourselves actively connected with a nearby Youth Centre . . .

Eventually youth outgrows its own club, and, if our influence in it has meant anything at all, some at least of the members will attach themselves to us or our Women's Section. In turn, as they feel their feet, they may return our service to them by offering themselves as Youth leaders and thereby pass on the torch.

SYD E. KNAPMAN.

Devonport.

IV.

Volunteers for the Control Commission

From a lady who is a Toc H Builder.

IN the article headed "New Ideas—Are there any?" in the March JOURNAL the writer, "lately returned from the Forces," says:

"A significant and sobering thought here is that the authorities never—whatever the degree of urgency of a social problem—appeal to Toc H . . . What can we do?"

Why wait to be asked? Why don't some of these enthusiastic, energetic Toc H men, known and respected for the splendid work they have been doing in all parts of the world, volunteer to go and help the administrators in the British Zone in Germany, who, bereft of the men sent home whom they depended on, are badly in need of others to replace them and are struggling with enormous difficulties?

NOTE.—It is certainly true that this need is urgent, for there is a serious shortage of men and women in C.C.G. with a 'sense of vocation' and the ideas and ideals familiar in Toc H to back up the overworked 'administrators.' For information apply to the office of the Control Commission for Germany, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.—ED.

V.

Where's the Joke?

From a P.O.W. member from the Far East.

I HAVE just returned into circulation after several interesting years overseas as a guest of *Dia Nippon*. Coming back again amongst one's own people and interests one finds it refreshing to watch just what is proceeding us of yore.

I am in no way qualified to comment on Toc H or its valuable organ, the JOURNAL. I am filled with admiration at the skilful handling, editing and presentation of it—but there *is* an outstanding quality it lacks. That is *Humour*—swift, clever, cultured, ruthless humour.

This is the virtue that carried most of my companions through dark and desolate days—the "high-hearted happiness" I had been taught in my Toc H infancy. Dare I say that this factor is being left out of our meetings, articles and lives? Or that it is at least

being neglected in our earnest desire to be worthy of Toc H, which to me is simply the character and lives of men who were not merely friends whom one met now and then, but men with whom one lived for months and months—and with whom many died. Humour, laughter, fun, nonsense, ragging in the face of terrific odds—quiet courage, built up and presented with the smile of a dying man!

I ask for the JOURNAL to retain its *Times*-like qualities (!Ed.), but to couple with them the skill and quality of *Punch* (!Ed.).

How? Who is going to write those short clever articles which are the hall-mark of *Punch*? The writers have spent years of hard work as journalists; they have natural genius. *Ditto* the artists. "If you want *Punch*, buy *Punch*." Simple.

But is it really true that amongst the thousands of Toc H members there are none who can produce such efforts bearing on Toc H or life? Have we *no* artists?

And who is going to edit all the hopeful efforts—to empty the waste-paper baskets—to decipher the scrawls—Toc H typists to transcribe scrawl to script? Could there be a 'Help Barkis League'?

Can we *offer* what we want to see in the JOURNAL? As they say in the R.A.F., "It's all yours." RON. H. CARPENTER.

Portchester.

VI.

At the last meeting of this Branch the article in the JOURNAL "What do readers want" was discussed. You won't want a full account of what was said, but it all boiled down to the general feeling that the JOURNAL would be more easily read, and therefore more thought given to what is said, if it contained some matters in lighter vein, in particular the suggestion was made that an occasional cartoon would in no sense take away from the present high standard of the JOURNAL and would at the same time add that, to use the same term, lighter vein which is at present lacking. W. H. GRIFFIN.

Farnham.